

The Chronicle History

Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tired mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say knives haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throates about them
At that time, and there's the humor of it.

Bar. Come ifaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*
and thee friends. What a plague should we carry knives
to cut our owne throates.

Nim. Ifaith ile liue as long as I may, that's the certaine of
it. And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And there's my rest, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Pistoll, and Hostes Quickly his wife.

Bar. Good morrow ancient *Pistoll*,
heere comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prethee *Nim* be quiet.

Nim. How do you my host?

Pist. Base slaue, callest thou me host?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

Host. No by my troth not I,
For we cannot bed nor boord halfe a score gentlewomen
That liue honestly by the pricke of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord, heere's Corporall *Nim*, now shall
We haue wilfull adultery and murder committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword. *Nim.* Push.

Pist. What, dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland

Nim. Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus
In thy bowels, and in thy law perdie; for I can talke,
And *Pistols* flashing fiery cocke is vp.

Nim. I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot coniure me;
I haue an humor *Pistoll* to knocke you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*,
Ile scoure you with my Rapier in faire tearmes.

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of Henry the fift.

If you will walke off a little,
Ile pricke your guts a little in good termes,
And there's the humor of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The graue doth gape, and groaning death is neere,
Therefore exall. *They draw.*

Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a Souldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or another
In faire termes: and there's the humor of it.

Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee desie agen;
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch foorth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hostes, you must come straight to my Master,
And you host *Pistoll*.

Good *Bardolfe* put thy nose betweene the sheetes,
And do the office of a warning pan.

Host. By my troth hee'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of
these dayes.

Ile go to him, husband you'l come?

Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.

Nim. prethee be friends, and if thou wilt not,
Be enemies with me too.

Ni. I shal haue my eight shillings I won of you at betting

Pist. Base is the slaue that payes.

Ni. That now I will haue, and there's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. *They draw.*

Bar. He that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him by this sword.

Pi. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.

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Nim.